

Well, we continued on our walk across the Market Square a lot of which is now taken up by the Colosseum, the Grand Hotel and the vacant found originally Mosenthals Huge Wool Store. On past the Fire Station and tram shed and so on to the Orient for a bathe. By now we were feeling ready for dinner and so walked along the beach front, the camping site and the old race course, Stirling and so just in time with big appetites for Miss Munro's roast - as there were only a dozen of us - and good old spotted dog. I wonder how many of the present youths would do that walk for pleasure.

The holidays came to an end and so had our meagre pocket money of 2/6 a week. The chaps turned up bringing with them all sorts of foodstuffs from their homes. Came the June holidays and off we set for Gaberones, in the Bech Protectorate (I cannot get out of calling it B.P. so will continue - you know I mean Botswana). It was a tiring journey via Cook House, De Aar and Kimberley where we had to spend the day. Fortunately we had an Uncle and Aunt Bleazby living there and we spent the day with them. Mrs Bleazby was Queenie Nettelton, daughter of Tom Nettelton of the Buffalo Rifles and there we were always welcome. We of course travelled second class, sharing a compartment with two or three men and not having money to burn we slept in our clothes with overcoat and rug. No one seemed to worry about bedding and in cold weather the compartment was warmed - not central heating - by an elongated container which had either hot water or sand in it. There is a good story told by an old traveller friend of mine that on one occasion a farmer who shared the compartment said that the heater was a very fine thing and he would like one. The traveller then said it was one of his lines and sold it to the farmer for 5/-. Who was to know? The matron had packed us a very good supply of sandwiches etc not meaning us to starve. Some of these we offered to our fellow travellers. The first morning the steward came round selling coffee. 'Five please' said one of the men. Being broke and not knowing who would pay, I slipped out. Later Gerald said the man paid the 3d a cup and I think this chap realised that we were broke and paid for our tea and coffee after that.

Eventually we arrived at Gaberones thrilled to be home again and had three weeks wonderful holiday, for now we were allowed to use shotguns and went out camping several times. What better holiday than being in the veld in a well chosen camp pitched under some nice big tree. As soon as you have settled in, pick up a shot gun and stroll in the vicinity of the camp to shoot a pheasant or guinea fowl for our supper. I prefer a good red pheasant or partridge, for they are not as dry as guinea fowl. Well, what better than a nice couple of birds which having been plucked and cleaned, you split down the middle, open out and grill on the coals. One's mouth waters at the very mention of such a meal. We are to be up early in the morning so after sitting round the bright camp fire for a while we turn in. One is wakened early with a nice cup of coffee and off we start on the morning's hunt. We may be away three or four hours but on our return are all ready for a nice breakfast. On this occasion we did most of our shooting across the river and the Transvaal border. Here there was excellent shooting - partridge about the native lands and buck further on out on the flats - stembuck and duiker.